

# NEWS FROM ROME, OR, A DIALOGUE Between His HOLINESS AND A Cabal of Cardinals

## LATE CONCLAVE:

The most Effectual Remedies to Recover the lost Credit of HOLY CHURCH  
in ENGLAND;

Pope.

**M**

EN, Brethren, Fathers, Sons of Holy Love  
Advise your Sire, what course or way to move;  
Our Plots are Frustrate, our Designs all cross'd;  
And I fear England (so much long'd for) lost  
By Hereticks we're toyld and run aground,  
And Mother Church has got a Fatal Wound;

Now to retrieve all, get and save our Friends,  
Lets stop at no thing that may reach our ends;  
Be speedy in your Councils and advice,  
Speak freely all, and be in nothing nice.

At

At this a loud mouth'd Cardinal strait rose,  
 And in these Words his mind did thus disclose :  
 Most Holy Father I dare boldly say  
 That our own People, our delights betray,  
 For they who seek a Precipice to Clime,  
 Will loose no Opportunity or Time.

Yet ours in both have sayl'd, the more accurst  
 Are we, to let our Scorpions Egg be burst ;  
 For had we struck, when *Gloucesters* Duke did fall,  
 We in season, had dispatch'd them all  
 Or taken hold upon those Precious Days  
 When the *Fifth Monarchy*, first spread its Rayes ;  
 When they with Blinded Zeal were so Enrag'd,  
 Father 'gainst Son, Brother 'gainst each Engag'd :  
 O self, when *London* was a Sacrifice  
 Where Flames the Signal should have been to rise,  
 But we in that tumult were put off,  
 By that Dam'd Fool of Fools Old Dorelag Goff :  
 Whose Friends and Powers in *France* not ready were,  
 Nor e're will be to advance *St. Peters* Chair :  
 We to a fitter time must let it run,  
 And now you see, what a fine Thread ye've spun :  
 Hadl been there, but Heaven be Prais'd i' me here,  
 When the *Alloverd* first appears,  
 The Sun that Sets, should not have Role again,  
 E're many Thousands of them had been slain :  
 You should have wist the time, when made 'em Blad,  
 Delays in every thing do Danger breed,  
 Had you then giv'n the Blow, 't had been no Plot,  
 'Tis only Treason 'cause it prosper'd not ;  
 Nor can it be Retriev'd, tis past all hope,  
 And they may thank themselves for th' Axe and Rope ;  
 Alas our Plots are grown so Weak and Poor.

That we're out done by ev'ry Common Whore :  
 Each night Intregue of hers, has plainly shewn,  
 More Conduct than, all our Cabals can own ;  
 We're so Unfortunate, tis hard to sell,  
 Whether our Alliance, is, from Heav'n or Hell.

This said he late, Then Card'nal who was by,  
 His Council being ask'd, did strait Reply  
 He little say, for tis not worth the while,  
 We are so full of Fraud, Deceit and Guile :  
 That I much fear God ha's forgot us quite,  
 And left us to the Devil, and to good night.

He quits his place, and from the Conclave goes,  
 At which another Cardinal arose :  
 And doing Homage to his Holiness,  
 Did to him in these Words himself address :

What ha's been spoke already is to true,  
 Therefore to *England*, ye may bid *Adieu*.  
 Alas, your Buls, Indulgences and Pardons  
 They know as well as we's not worth four Farthings.  
 Your Benedictions and Anathemas  
 Of no more value are, than those in Plays.  
 Your Legends, Reliques and your Purgatory  
 The first are Fopperies t'other is a Story.  
 Yet you grant Dispensations, faithless civil  
 Tell me who warrants 'em, God or the Devil?  
 Father, here is none but *Humans*: I fear this *Wound*  
 Will through our *Torturing* *Wound* to the ground.  
 How can you hope Success in any thing,  
 Or to your Yoke those *Free born People* bring?  
 When Hell is self-abounds not in such Sin,  
 As at this time our Church does wallow in.  
 Which of us all, His *Holiness* *the Pope*  
 Of God or Goodness has the least part?  
 Murders and Whoredomes, are our *small Crimes*;  
 By Poisons most unto Promotion climb.  
 Name me but one, has got the *Papal Seat*  
 By Just Desert, and I shall hope well yet.  
 A Sisters Ravishment is held no Sin,  
 With their own *Disgrace*, *you have wicked men*  
 Remember pray, who were *M.A.P. 284*  
 Who was incitious with *O.D.M. 111*  
 And do you now complain, and are at hand?  
 Pray what ere prospers that you take in hand.  
 She whom the Darling of the Church you call;  
 Our Engine P— *not refers to Pop our fall*  
 'Tis true, She did dissolve the P—  
 For which I wish we do not all repent;  
 And yet what Pardons and Indulgences  
 Were daily sent her to bring things to pass.  
 Now she do's nothing, *gives out Friends*, no hope.  
 Neglects both Jesuite, Cardinal and Pope.  
 While she her Coffers and her C— has cram'd;  
 She do's not value if we all were damn'd.  
 Nor would I have you ever trust again.  
 A Woman of *Portugal*, *France*, or *Spain*:  
 He thus broke off, then came and fate him down;  
 At which his *Holiness* began to frown;

Saying my Lord, you're very plain with me;  
 You are well read i'th' Lives o'th Saints I see:  
 But know, who ever do's possess this Room,  
 Is freed from sins past, present and to come.  
 We cannot ere tho' all these things we do;  
 In us it is not, tho' 'tis sin in you.  
 We are Gods Vicegerent and the Churches Head,  
 Can pardon sins, both to the quick and dead:  
 But why do I these trivial things relate,  
 Greater Concerns we now have in debate.

Once more I say all our Desires are cross,  
And if not timely helpt, our best Friend's loss.  
Think of the Lords i'th' Tower how they're engag'd,  
'Gainst whom the Heathen are so much surpris'd  
These Persons too, of more Renown and Fame,  
Whom you all know, and I forbear to name,  
I Pardons and Indulgencies can give,  
To all the rest whether they dye or live,  
But these are not such Fools er'e to Relie,  
On Bulls or Pardons, who will dye to dye,  
Now how to save 'em, were a work in hand,  
Your best of Council give, none was more need

Card.

At this one rose and bow'd, and thus did say  
May't please your HOENESS, Ple the new the way,  
P— must not sit, that still resolve  
Either Prorogue 'em, or else then to resolve  
Before the Council then, let the words come  
And there receive from them, this heavy Doom  
Let all their Estates be then Committet  
We had better bear, with that their foolish  
Then let them all be sent to Hamelin  
That they their Horrid Treason may repent  
But as they cross the Seas, will want the  
And they er'e long shall be call'd home again  
Mean time their Heirs, all their Estates shall have  
And gain 'em too, by making of a Lep  
This by the means of P— shall be done  
She will obtain it, for a Butter & Broom  
Shee Dalilah-like, must Sumpson bind with Cords  
Freedom to gain for our Philistine-Lords  
The Commons will at this be all engag'd  
We matter not so our Friends are disengag'd  
Then all our Engines set to work again  
Corn grows the better for a Showr of Rain  
This is the only way to quire your fears  
And set them all together by the Ears

At which the Comedy began to strow;  
He then came and laid him down;  
A Woman of Country, Fear'd of him;  
For would I were you ever thus again

Great Courtiers we now have in debate  
Of what I have said, things relate  
Can hardly live both to the quick and dead  
Yet are such Vipers and the Churches Head  
To be a snare to him in you  
We cannot ore the whole things we do;  
Is freed from this call, prison and to come.  
But know, who ever dwells this Room,  
You are a snare to him in debate  
I see you are a snare to him in debate  
I see you are a snare to him in debate

